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## Greek Meets Greek.

The other morning a man with the aspect of a book agent walked swiftly up Magazine street until he came up to a house where a red-headed woman with a long nose and her sleeves rolled up was washing the windows.

"Is this a boarding house, madam?" he said gently, as he leaned his elbow on the fence and looked over into the yard.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Can I obtain desirable board here at a reasonable price?"

"Yes, sir; there is no better house in the city."

"Can I see the landlady?"

"I am the landlady, sir."

"Ah! indeed. I have often heard of the beauty and industry of the women of New Orleans, but now I have an ocular demonstration of the fact."

"Do you wish to secure board here?" inquired the woman, blushing and looking pleased.

"Well, I reckon I do. Have you any old maids in the house who wear gimlet curls and have pet parrots that talk all night and worry the life out of people? Are there any babies who are always having the colic and howling enough to make a maniac?"

"Madam, I am very particular where I board now, as the last place I stopped at, my room was situated between that of a young woman who had a pair of twin babies and a musician who played on the flute and walked with a crutch; and when the babies became quiet on the one side, the infernal cuss on the other would either be thumping over the floor or playing on the flute, until at last I could stand it no longer. Are any of these boarding-places stopping with you?"

"No sir; none but quiet single men board here."

"Ah, that is surely a fine recommendation, but do you set a fine table?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied the woman, getting angry. "what do you want to know?"

"What prompted me to ask you the question was the fact that every boarding house falls into the error of giving its boarders tough liver for breakfast, which is something I detest. When a man gets up in the morning he doesn't feel like trying to eat a spring mattress, consequently I make it a point to hunt up a house where the boarders are not so cured. A man can stand codfish balls very well, but human nature, madam, is far from being equal to tough liver three times a day. If you recollect I said before I am very particular where I board. Madam, are you a married woman?"

"Yes, I am, and I am tired of answering your questions. If you don't want to board here just go away," and the excited landlady slushed the soap-suds over the window panes, and made her brush fly like a gin fan. The man still leaned on the fence and gazed at her steadily.

"Madam, I see you have a temper," he remarked, when she turned around to see if he had gone; "and a temper, when it is not controlled, often creates a great deal of misery and no end of divorce suits. I've no doubt that when irritated by household duties and cares, that you often give your husband a sound rebuking, and if he is a prematurely bald-headed man, it is your own fault; yet you are not to blame for that which nature endowed you with. But this trouble can be obviated. I have her, madam, and he dived into a square-shaped box, "a valuable work entitled 'Home Made Happiness, or The Domestic Guide.' This excellent volume I will sell you for the sum of one dollar and fifty cents. As I previously remarked you cannot be blamed for your temper. Every red-headed woman with a long nose and a brown wart under her left eye has a sour temper, but if you will only follow the suggestions laid down in this book, your home will be a paradise and—"

"And if you don't leave here, you impudent puppy, I'll call the police. I want you to—"

"Bear in mind, madam, that no matter how ugly you are, a good disposition makes any woman angelic, and—"

"Ain't you going to leave, despicable villain, you bawdy-legged—"

"Although you are shaped like a hopped-side triangle, and have freckles on your face as large as a ginger snap—"

The next instant a shriek was heard, and the book agent was stretched flat on the pavement with a bucket of soap-suds on top of him and a small dog snapping at his heels.—[New Orleans Paper.]

"Is there anything you wish?" said a Woodward avenue grocer yesterday to a pensive individual who was gazing at the garden "truck" with which the sidewalk in front of the grocer's store was decorated. "Yes," said the pensive one. "I wish Hancock had carried New York."

## An Interview With the Celebrated Executioner of London.

After the execution of the Rotherham murderer recently, a reporter of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph interviewed Marwood, the executioner. The report states:

"It was a grand execution! Wood never moved even a finger," were the first words uttered when he entered the room where a number of persons were assembled; "I gave him the long drop, nine feet four inches, and he died as peacefully as a lamb."

"What is your reason for having such a long drop?" some one asked.

Lifting up his hands and raising his eyes, he exclaimed in dramatic tones: "It is humane, and saves suffering; the man dies instantly."

He had not seen Wood before he met him in the cell a few minutes before the execution, but when he did see him he was very favorably impressed with his face. He thought him a cold-hearted, callous man, and was confident of his guilt. In reply to a question respecting the rope, he called for his bag. His visitors held their breath while he slowly unfastened the leather straps which were around it, applied the key to the lock, opened the bag, and brought out its contents, which proved to be two ropes and a few pinning-straps. One rope a thick one, measuring about three inches in circumference, was the rope which he had used around the neck of the preceding morning of the Aylesbury murderer, and with which he had also executed Wood. The other was a smaller rope, perhaps an inch in circumference. It was a curious sight to behold Marwood contemplating the ropes. He gazed upon them smilingly, fondly, handling them as tenderly as a mother would handle a baby, a connoisseur a piece of rare china, a young lady a bonnet of the latest fashion.

"This rope," said he holding up the thickest, "is the rope; it is made of the finest Italian hemp; it is the rope of the good old times." Here he grew rather eloquent and earnest, and with emphasis added, "This rope is made especially for me, and is supplied by the Governor. Look how beautiful and smooth it is; feel it, it is a real beauty."

The visitors felt it, but failed to see much beauty.

"Don't be frightened of it, there is no blood-stain on it," he said this because it was being very closely and critically examined. "I never shed blood, and never yet broke the skin of my 'patients'."

Speaking of his predecessors in the execution line, he said their great fault was that they did not study their profession scientifically. When he became the public executioner hanging was nothing but a theory, little understood, and he proceeded to explain the art of successful and "pleasant" hanging. In the old days of a short drop a man suffered greatly, but since he inaugurated the long drop death is instantaneous and "pleasant." He has abolished vulgar suffocation and strangulation. He now dislocates the neck, severs the spinal cord, and creates no pain. Death comes like a flash of lightning.

"I like the reporters," he subsequently remarked, "and think the press ought always to be admitted to executions. They represent the public, and the public should be informed of what occurs at executions. I am kept busy. I hang from twenty to thirty every year. I am not paid by salary nor by the Government. The Sheriff pays me, and I am paid very well."

He was asked what he did in his leisure hours. "Well, I have a nice garden at Horncastle, to which I pay some attention. When I have business Londonway I go to church. Spurgeon is my favorite preacher. I always go to hear him—he is a grand man. Sometimes I go to hear Dr. Parker at the City Temple, and at other times I go to hear Dean Stanley. I am not a Wesleyan—I once was. I belong to the whole Church, not to any sect."

How HE GOT RICH.—A good old man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I now owe my prosperity."

So far as at present known, the giraffe is a silent animal, like the eland and the kangaroo, and has never been known to utter a sound, even when struggling in the agonies of death.

## What a Boy Thinks About Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except a woman. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they annoy you. I can cipher clean over the improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of three. They are as full of Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they would die if they could not torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes to you with her nonsense is to give her the fit for tat, and that will flummox her, and when you get a girl flummoxed she is nice as a pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud-puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't either. The hoytitytist girl in the world can always boil over like a glass of soda. By-and-by they get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull study as an old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a man out of the fellow they have spiced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

## A Test of Pronunciation.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon a blackboard at a Teachers' Institute, and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made: "A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from Bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit incurred to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleone hue, and securing a suit of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and a bowie knife, said that he would not now forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen." The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, chameleone, suit, coadjutor, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris.

## What Ed Did.

I don't think that the Mobilier matter hurt Garfield any, because the Republicans were all in it. The De-Gollier matter didn't for the party devoted for its support upon such frauds and corruption. What elected Garfield was the combination of Beecher, who for two decades has polluted literature and who was caught in crime, with Conkling who has been prancing for years with the wife of another man, and Ingersoll who read a writ of ejectment against Almighty God, and a jail delivery to hell—this it was that defeated us and elected Garfield. But we (the people of the South) do not care particularly. We intend to look out for our own interest hereafter. But I tell you there is no reason to expect that there will be any breaking up of the party in the South. Why, they might as well talk to logs or stones as to try to change us over. We wouldn't listen to them.—[Henry Clay Dean.]

## Some individuals are very friendly towards a newspaper man as long as he gives them free blows occasionally, but when the same are not forthcoming when looked for, they take occasion quite frequently to vent their spleen against the local scribbler and make him look small in the eyes of others. They overestimate their own importance and imagine that they have a right to command attention and notice whether their merits deserve it or not. A free horse is of ten rode to death.

## Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiology, "have black eyes—or if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get 'em if they're too impulsive."

## A Fable.

Once upon a time, not long ago, a rooster and a coon were courting the same pullet, with, of course, different ends in view. The young thing was unable to choose between the two, for the coon made many professions of love, and by his cunning, rivalled in appearance the honest devotion of the rooster. Affairs becoming disagreeable, the rooster, no longer able to contain himself, denounced the coon as a liar and a horse thief, in the very presence of the pullet. The coon took it very coolly, went home and sent a polite note to the rooster saying if he wanted satisfaction he knew where he could be found. The noble rooster at once sent a challenge which was accepted. The meeting was arranged, each fellow to select his own weapons. At the appointed time the rooster left his barn yard unprotected, and with a few friends repaired to the scene of the conflict. After waiting some time and no coon appearing, the roosters set up a loud crowing and claimed the victory and the right to denounce the enemy as a coward. Meantime the coon had slipped into the barn yard and carried off the pullet, so that when the returns came in, the rooster found himself left a—virtuous widower. A big eagle who was standing with his hands in his pockets on a neighboring hill, and saw the whole performance, laughed as he turned round to the bar-keeper and said: "I never seen it fail. Virtue is its own reward."

## Mixed Feed for Stock.

"As a rule," says the Western Agriculturalist, "Western farmers feed too much corn to their stock. Mixed feed will produce better results in stock feeding as surely as does mixed husbandry in farming. A mixture of feeding substance is always conducive to the health of animals. It operates as a change of food, and it is more convenient to mix several substances and to use them together than to feed them separately. For horses the basis of the grain feed should be oats or barley. It might be remarked here that barley is too much neglected as a feeding substance; it is nutritious and healthful even as a single food, while mixed with corn it reduces the heating character of the latter. Equal parts of oats, barley, corn wheat or rye bran and linseed ground together form a perfect food for horses, containing no element for nutriment in excess and having the laxative effect of the oily linseed to keep the digestive organs in perfect order, the skin loose and the coat smooth and glossy."

## A Devoted Wife.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet Mustang pony and traveled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only a few hours on the open prairie, flying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up forces anew. She forded rivers, she scaled rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived, just alive, to find her husband better. But the exposure and exertion killed her. She was seized with pneumonia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The result killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner. He broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.

## "Patronizing" a Paper.

Some ignoramus writes us about "patronizing" the Ledger. Patronizing is good English, but not good American. We have no use for such a word in this country. All honest and just trade is an advantage to both parties. We make money manufacturing and selling the Ledger. Our subscribers in buying it, get more than their money's worth. Both parties are benefited. There is no patronizing on either side. Only persons not imbued with the true American spirit—ever talk about "patronizing" a paper. Of course the relationship of publisher and reader, especially when continued for a long series of years, naturally begets a strong tie of mutual friendship.—[N. Y. Ledger.]

## A certain juror has passed sleepless nights in trying to solve the following: A witness stated during a trial "that he was once morning a ride of a mule, and it was spitten, snow." Now the question with the juror is, was the mule spitting snow, or the rider spitting snow; if neither, who in the h—l was spitting snow.

## She may dress in silk, or dress in satin; may know the languages, Greek and Latin; may know fine art, may love and sigh—but she ain't no good if she can't make pie.

## Good Advice.—If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is a good thing, and he will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents a bottle.

## Ireland.

Ireland has 450,000 tenants, whose sole acreage each does not average 20 acres to an average family of ten persons. She has in these people, the nursery of peasant pauperism, by reason of landlord aggression. She has 380,000 more tenants with an average of ten acres per eight persons, and these constitute the annexe to the above nursery. She has 140,000 more of an average family of five that do not hold more than four acres per family, and they are the nursery and the tomb of pauper Ireland. It is impossible for such occupiers of such plots of land to live in other than pauperism when the climate, the crops and the absence of capital are considered. I omit the landlords' rule of terror, distrust and destruction. And yet you are asked why these people are not like the Saxon prosperous mechanic! There are 4,876,000 acres of waste land in Ireland, as the English reformer and manufacturer will tell you. Yes; but they are acres of swamp and bog, together with irremediable mountain land. Arterial and surface drainage to redeem this land, requires money. This money has not been supplied. And the Irish peasant is made the poor scape-goat for his marshy and mountain acres, already too well watered and imprinted by the tears of his broken heart, his crushed children's sobs and his attenuated wife's sighs.

## How to Stop a Paper.

The following, from one of our exchanges, so fully and clearly expresses our views on the subject that we copy it without comment: "You have an undoubted right to stop a newspaper when you feel disposed upon payment of all arrearsages. Do not hesitate to do so on account of the 'tenderness of feeling' for the editor. Don't you suppose he would stop buying sugar of you, or meat, clothing, dry goods, etc., if he thought he was not getting his money's worth, and why should you not exercise the same privilege with regard to him? And when you discontinue a paper, do so manfully. Don't be so spiteful as to throw it back to the post-master with a contemptuous 'I don't want it any longer!' and have 'refused' written on the margin, and have the paper returned to the editor. No gentleman ever stopped it in that way; no matter if his head is covered with gray hair that should be honorable. If you do not longer wish to receive a newspaper, write a note to the editor like a man, saying so—and be sure that the arrearsages are paid. That is the way to stop a newspaper."

## A Rochester fool paid an election bet by promenade the streets dressed in his wife's night gown.

## KENTUCKY PRESS TALK.

ITS CHIEFEST DELIGHT.

It seems to be the Danville Tribune's chiefest delight to make itself as contemptible and offensive as possible, politically.—[Somerset Reporter.]

NO FAULT OF THE PAPERS.

Every weekly Democratic paper that came to our notice did its duty in the Presidential election efficiently and faithfully. We do not know of a single exception. The faithful editors are the true leaders of the party. They can neither be bought, tricked nor intimidated.—[Louisville Democrat.]

GOOD ADVICE.

Wade Hampton has written a letter in favor of keeping the Democratic party alive, whilst Ben Hill has written one urging the dissolution of both the Democratic and Republican organizations. If both of these gentlemen would forget how to write and buy padlocks for their mouths, the country would be better off.—[Winchester Democrat.]

NOT A MIDWIFE.

The Argus is in receipt of a card from a lady correspondent who inquires "If the editor realizes that the fill of his readers are women when he fills his columns with political articles? Of course, some political reading is interesting to all; but for a steady diet, deliver me." While disposed to accommodate every one, we think, in this case, a physician should be addressed.—[Sunday Argus.]

A gentleman made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cozy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortable fixed himself when his wife abruptly asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit. The servant asked him if he was ill. One of the neighbors wanted to know if he had any trouble and was afraid of the law. All of which occurred in twenty minutes, for in half an hour he was beyond questioning range in his club.

A Rochester fool paid an election bet by promenade the streets dressed in his wife's night gown.

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